

The Historie

The very bottome and the soule of hope,
The very list, the very vtmost bound
Of all our fortunes.

Doug. Faith, and so we should,
Where now remains a sweet reuerſion,
We may boldly ſpend vpon the hope of what is to come in,
A comfort of retirement liues in this.

Per. A randeuous, a home to flie vnto
If that the Diuel and miſchance looke big
Vpon the maidenhead of our affaires.

Hor. But yet I would your father had bin heere:
The quality and haire of our attempt
Brookes no deuſion, it will be thought
By ſome that know not why he is away,
That wiſedome, loialty, and meere diſlike
Of our proceedings kept the Earle from hence,
And thinke how ſuch an apprehenſion
May turne the tide of fearefull faction,
And breed a kind of queſtion in our cauſe:
For wel you know we of the offering ſide
Muſt keepe aloofe from ſtrict arbitrement,
And ſtop al ſight-holes euery loope from whence
The eie of reaſon may prie in vpon vs,
This abſence of your fathers drawes a curtain
That ſhewes the ignorant a kind of feare
Before not dreamt of.

Per. You ſtaine too far,
I rather of his abſence make this uſe,
It lends a luſtre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterpriſe
Then if the Earle were here, for men muſt thinke
If we without his helpe can make a head
To push againſt a kingdome, with his helpe
We ſhal oreturne it topſie turuy down,
Yet all goes well, yet all our ioints are whole.

Doug. As hart can thinke, there is not ſuch a word
Spoke of in Scotland as this tearme of feare,

Enter ſir Re. Vernon.

Per.

of Henrie the fourth.

Per. My coſen Vernon, welcom by my ſoule.

Ver. Pray God my newes be worthe welcome lord,
The Earle of Weſtmerland ſeuē thouſand ſtrong
Is marching hetherwards, with him prince Iohn.

Per. No harme, what more?

Ver. And further I haue leārd,
The King himſelfe in perſon is ſet forth,
Or hetherwards intended ſpeedily
With ſtrong and mighty preparation.

Hor. He ſhal be welcome too: where is his ſonne?
The nimble footed madcap prince of Wales,
And his Cumrades that daſt the world aſide
And bid it paſſe?

Ver. All furniſht al in Armes:
All plumde like Eſtridges that with the wind
Baited like Eagles hauing lately bathd,
Glittering in golden coates like images,
As ful of ſpirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the ſunne at Miſſomer:
Wanton as youthful goates, wild as young buls,
I ſaw yong Harry with his beuer on,
His cuſhes on his thighs gallantly armd,
Riſe from the ground like feathered Mercury,
And vaulted with ſuch eaſe into his ſeat,
As if an Angel drop down from the clouds,
To turne and wind a fiery Pegasus,
And witch the world with noble horſemanſhip.

Hor. No more, no more, worſe then the ſun in March,
This praiſe doth nourish agues, let them come,
They come like ſacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-eyd maide off ſmoky war,
Al hot and bleeding will we offer them,
The mailed Mars ſhal on his altars ſit
Vp to the eares in bloud. I am on fire
To heare this rich reprizal is ſo nigh,
And yet not ours: Come let me taſt my horſe,
Who is to beare me like a thunderbolt,
Againſt the boſome of the Prince of Wales,

H 2.

Harry